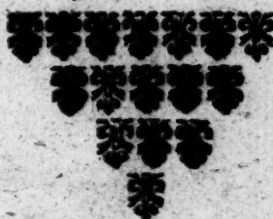


363 A
P O E M

On His G R A C E the
Duke of *Marlborough's* Return
FROM HIS
GERMAN EXPEDITION.

K Churchill (p.)



L O N D O N:

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P O E M

On His GRACE the

Duke of *Marlborough's* Return, &c.

A Ssist me Sacred Muse, the Man I sing,
Who does to *Brittain* Fame, to *Europe* safety bring;
Nor think it Late thy grateful Voice to raise,
Last of the Tuneful Choir in Faithful Praise ;
The Day on which thy Favour I implore,
Does *Marlb'rough* to his Native Isle restore;

Nor were our Joys, or his Successes Crown'd,
 Whilst Dangers still the Heroe did surround ;
 Now boast to *France* our Triumph is compleat,
 The Victor safe return'd from their Defeat ;
 Secure of Future Wonders now, the past repeat.

And yet forbear, strain not thy softer Voice
 To Martial Notes, a fitter Theme's my choice ;
 Ill wou'd it suit a Female Hand to wield
 The War-like Weapons of the dreadful Field;
 With daring steps to stride o'er heaps of slain,
 Or drive the flying *Gau's* through *Hochstet* Plain.

Nor need we *Marlb'rough's* Glories there display,
 Trust e'en the Foe t' immortalize that Day ;
Tallard in Bonds, his Triumph can't disown,
 And lost *Bavaria*, by His Arms undone,
 Does tacitely Proclaim what *Marlb'rough* won ;
 Disabled *France* to lessen *Lewis* Shame,
 Will Gloriously Record the Victor's Name ;
 Let their Proud Chronicles with His compare
Cæsar's and *Alexander's* Fame in War ;
 Sing thou his Nobler Cause, the end alone
 Makes Conquest Great, and both are here out-done.

Fam'd *Cæsar*, *Rome* involv'd in Civil-Broils
 To sit aloft, tho' on his Countries Spoils:
 The other, unprovok'd Destruction hurl'd
 To unknown Regions, through th' affrighted World;
 Like restless Infants, wept for a new Toy,
 Of which he knew no use but to destroy.

Far from Pursuits like theirs Great *Marlb'rough's* Aim,
 No thirst of Pow'r, or vain desire of Fame,
 With *Cæsar's* Conduct, as the *Grecian* Brave,
 In just Defence, He but destroys to save;
 His Toils are all for others Good alone,
 And e'en His Lawrels for another won.
 Thy Glories Gen'rous Heroe, least are thine,
 By them shall *ANNA's* Annals brighter shine:
ANNA, by thee an Empire has reliev'd
 From inbred Foes, from Forreign Arms retriev'd;
 Such will be all the Records of Her Reign,
 The injur'd to redress, encroaching Pow'r restrain.

Content within Her Banks, as Peaceful *Thames*,
 She lifts to their just height her gentle Streams;
 Yet spreads her Bounteous Arms, like Friendly *Nile*,
 When wanted to relieve a Neighb'ring Soil:

Whilst

Whilst *Lewis*, like a Torrent, breaks his Bounds,
O'erwhelming all in Ruin that surrounds.

Fate, that decreed at length to check the Course
Of *Gallick* pow'r, enlarg'd with Lawless Force,
Our *ANNA* to the pointed time design'd,
And equal to the Work, foresaw the Monarch's Mind :
Destin'd to Bless with nearer Influence
Her Happy Isle, and bounteously dispence
To the dejected World Her Generous Aid,
To fill the Glorious Scheme which Heav'n had laid.
A Subject was decreed Her, fit to bear
To distant Lands Her delegated Care ;
Superiour fram'd, of that intrepid Soul
Unmov'd it self, to guide and move the whole ;
Compos'd amidst the Wranglings of debate ;
Amidst the shock of Charging Troops sedate ;
In various Counsels to determine right ;
In Battle guide the wild disorder'd Fight.

A graceful pleasing Frame was next design'd,
With awful Majesty, and sweetness join'd,
Shou'd bear the Image of this temper'd Mind ;

Serenely Great, to be Rever'd and Lov'd ;
Thus Heav'n our *Marlb'rough* form'd, and his Great
(Work approv'd.

ANNA, with just discernment, knew him soon
Important to the Glories of Her Throne ;
Worthy to be entrusted with the weight
Of Princes, Empires, *Europe's* doubtful Fate.
Monarchs, by him supported, bless Her Choice ;
Deliver'd Nations joyn their grateful Voice ;
Exulting *Brittain* Proud to have giv'n Birth
To such a Subject, Foremost of the Earth,
Waits with Triumphat Joy his near Return ;
The Croud tumultuous in impatience burn
Loudly to pay their Homage, sound his Name,
In Shouts his Glorious Entry to Proclaim.

Vain their Impatience, *Marlb'rough* only knows
T' appear a Conqueror midst insulting Foes ;
No Thought Ostentive does His Soul Elate,
The Blot of Virtue, Weakness of the Great :
All Pompous Expectation He defeats,
In secret silence unobserv'd retreats,
Nor with less modest Grace the Senate meets.

Their

17
Their Juster Thanks wou'd from himself Elude,
Returning in the Armies Name, his Countries Gratitude
Thus shuns Applause with easie Humble Art,
And thus escapes the Gaudy, Pageant part,
But has a Nobler Triumph gain'd in each Admiring
(Heart.)

FINIS.